

*The Historie of*

*Prince.* Well, here is my legge.

*Fals.* And here is my speech: stand aside Nobilitie.

*Ho.* O Iesu, this is excellent sport, yfayth.

*Fal.* Weepe not sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

*Ho.* O the father, how he holdes his countenance?

*Fal.* For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queene:  
For teares doe stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

*Ho.* O Iesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry Players,  
as euer I see.

*Fal.* Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle braine.

*Harry,* I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time,  
but also, how thou art accompanied: For though the Cammo-  
mille the more it is troden, the faster it growes; yet youth, the  
more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: thou art my sonne, I haue  
partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a vil-  
lanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy neather  
lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be sonne to me, here lieth  
the point; why, being sonne to me, art thou so poynted at? shall  
the blessed sonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate Black-ber-  
ries? a question not to be askt. Shall the Sonne of *England* proue  
a thiefe, and take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing,  
*Harry,* which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to ma-  
ny in our land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient wri-  
ters do report) doth defile: so doth the company thou keepest:  
For *Harry,* now I do not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares;  
not in pleasure, but in passion; not in wordes onely, but in woes  
also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted  
in thy company, but I know not his name.

*Prin.* What manner of man, and it like your Maiestie?

*Fal.* A goodly portly man yfayth, & a corpulent, of a cheer-  
full looke, a pleasing eye, & a most noble cariage, & as I thinke,  
his age some fifty, or birlady, inclining to threescore, and now  
I remember me, his name is *Falstaffe*: if that man shold be lewd-  
ly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry,* I see vertue in his lookes; if  
then the tree may be knowne by the fruite, as the fruite by the  
tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that *Fal-  
staffe*, him keepe with, the rest banish: and tell mee now, thou  
naughty varlet, tell mee, where hast thou been this month?

*Prince,*

*Henry the fourth.*

*Prin.* Dost thou speake like a King? doe thou stand for mee,  
and Ile play my father.

*Fal.* Depose me, if thou dost it halfe so grauely, so maiesti-  
cally both in word and matter, hang mee vp by the heeles for a  
Rabbit-sucker, or a Poulters Hare.

*Prin.* Well, heere I am set.

*Fal.* And heere I stand, iudge my maisters.

*Prin.* Now *Harry,* whence come ye u?

*Fal.* My noble Lord, from *Eastcheape*.

*Prin.* The complaints I heare of thee, are grievous.

*Fal.* Zbloud my Lord, they are false: nay, Ile tickle ye for a  
young Prince yfayth.

*Prin.* Swarest thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth nere looke  
on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, there is a Di-  
uell hauntes thee in the likenesse of a fat old Man, a tun of man  
is thy companion: why dost thou conuerse with that trunk of  
humors, that boulding-hutch of beastlinesse, that swolne parcel  
of Dropsies, that huge bombard of Sacke, that stuff Cloke-bag  
of guttes, that roasted Manning tree Oxe with the Pudding in  
his belly, that reuerent Vice, that gray Iniquitie, that father  
Ruffian, that vanity in yeares: wherein is he good, but to taste  
Sacke and drinke it? wherein neate and clenly, but to carue a  
Capon & eate it? wherein cunning, but in Craft? wherein cras-  
tic, but in Villanie? wherein villanous, but in all things? where-  
in worthy, but in nothing?

*Fal.* I would your Grace would take mee with you: whom  
meanes your Grace?

*Prin.* That villanous abominable misleader of youth, *Fal-  
staffe*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

*Fal.* My Lord, the man I know. *Prin.* I know thou dost.

*Fal.* But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe,  
were to say more then I know: that he is old (the more the pit-  
tie) his white haire do witnesse it: but that he is (sauing your re-  
uerence) a whoremaster, that I vtterly deny: if Sacke & Sugar  
be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry be a  
sinne, then many an old Host that I know, is damnd: if to be  
fatte, be to be hated, then *Pharaos* leane Kine are to be loued.  
No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardol*, banish *Poinse*; but